

The Tragedie of Hamlet

The changling neuer knowne: now the next day
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

Hora. So *Guyldensterne* and *Rosencrance* go too't.

Ham. They are not neer my conscience; their defeat
Does by their owne insinuation grow,
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe and fell incensed points
Of mightie Opposites.

Hora. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Does it not think thee stand me now vpon?
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene the election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angie for my proper life,
And with such cosnage, i't not perfect conscience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordship is right welcome backe to *Denmarke*.

Ham. I humbly thanke you sir.

Doe'st know this Water-flic?

Hora. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know
him, He hath much land and fertill: let a beast be Lord of beasts,
and his Crib shall stand at the Kings messe, tis a chough, but as I
say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Cour. Sweet Lord, if your Lordship were at leisure, I should
impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receiue it fir with all diligence of spirit, your bon-
net to his right vse, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No belecue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Cour. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. But yet me thinks it is very foultry and hot, or my com-
plexion.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very foultry, as t'were I can-
not tell how: my Lord his Majesty bad me signifie to you, that a
has layed a great wager on your head, fir this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Cour. Nay good my Lord for my ease in good faith, fir here is
newly come to Court *Laertes*, belecue mee an absolute Gentle-
man,

Prince of Denmarke.

man, full of most excellent differences, of very soft societie,
and great showing: indeed to speake feelingly of him, he is the
Card or Kalender of Gentrie: for you shall find in him the conti-
nent of what part a Gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though I
know to diuide him inuentorially, would dizzie th'arithmetick
of memorie, and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick saile,
but in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soule of great ar-
ticle, and his infusion of such dearch and rarenesse, as to make true
dixion of him, his semblable is his mirrour, and who els would
trace him, his vmbage, nothing more.

Cour. Your Lordship speakes most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy fir, why do we wrap the Gentleman in
our mor rauer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. Ist not possible to vnderstand in another tongue, you will
doe't fir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this Gentleman?

Cour. Of *Laertes*.

Hora. His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him fir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did fir, yet in faith if you did, it would, not
much approue me, well fir.

Cour. You are ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confesse that, least I should compare with him
in excellence, but to know a man well, were to know himselfe.

Cour. I meane fir for this weapon, but in the imputation laid
on him by them in his meed, he's vnfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapiar and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

Cour. The King fir hath wagerd with him six *Barbary* horses
against the which he has impaund as I take it six *French* Rapiers
and Poinards, with their assignes, as girdle, hanger and so. Three
of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancie, very responsiue
to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had
done.

Cour.